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the door of the United States. The Allied Supreme Council muddled the situation by trying to count us out. It is up to the Council to go back to the starting point and start right. Until the process of constructing and distributing the mandates is regularized, there can be no occasion for the league Council to act.

Only by Law
The Tribune has again and again directed the attention of those forces at present controlling the lower house of Congress to the existence of a public opinion which will not sustain them in their efforts to make a byword of the Constitution—a public opinion which will be satisfied with no less than a government of laws and not of men. And as evidence that this opinion is a living, sentient force—as evidence of the things which contribute to its spirit—we submit the instructions that two courts of this city have felt called upon during the last week to give to incoming grand juries.

Said Judge Joseph F. Mulqueen, speaking from the bench of General Sessions:

"Every man is sacred and safe in his home, secure from invasion, except in manner prescribed by law. No man can say, 'I will go into that house because I suspect that something wrong is going on there.' A judge first must issue a warrant, and if that magistrate evidence he can be held personally responsible. So, if evidence is brought before you which has been secured by a violation of the constitutional rights of an individual, rights affirmed by state and Federal Constitution, reject it."

Said Judge William R. Bayes, speaking from the bench of the Kings County Court:

"It should be borne in mind that no one is above the law, not even the enforcer thereof. No purpose, however lawful, ever justifies the use of unlawful means. For some time there has been general complaint of unlawful search of person and property by police officers acting without warrants and without regard to the procedure fixed by law."

"In my judgment, in which I know the District Attorney concurs, you will be justified in inquiring into the circumstances surrounding any case of unlawful search or seizure that may come to your attention, to the end that you may determine whether the law has been violated and what action, if any, should be taken."

It is ridiculous for Congress to say that the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be enforced except by overriding the Constitution. Let it, when the recess ends, recognize the falsity of this position and abandon it. Let it acknowledge that the enforcement of law by any other than lawful means is intolerable not only to the people but to the people's courts.

Mr. Root's Selection
The announcement that Mr. Root has been offered and has accepted membership on the American delegation to the armament limitation conference is news welcome both abroad and at home.

Among our friends the name of Elihu Root has great prestige. He is rated our foremost authority on international questions, and in many countries it had been assumed that he would, of course, participate in the Washington deliberations. Here in America his selection, taken in connection with others now announced officially, gives an assurance that America is to put her best foot foremost—that to the conference we are to send, as an earnest of our sincerity, our most competent men.

The delegation will be a national one—will represent America as a whole and not any partisan fraction of it. It happens that Messrs. Hughes, Lodge and Root were all in favor of this country's entry, with reservations, into the League of Nations, and that Mr. Underwood would gladly have been if he had been able to establish liaison with the White House; but this was so nearly the opinion of men of all parties that it may be regarded as the general national view. However this may be, it is manifest that friends of a maximum measure of co-operation among the peace-loving nations have no reason to apprehend a lack of American zeal at the conference.

Some effort seems to have been made to induce President Harding to select men of the second rank. But he has wisely concluded that the best are none too good. When this purpose became fixed in his mind the dispatch of an invitation to Mr. Root became inevitable—was inexorably demanded by the facts of the situation.

Not Our Fault
Lord Robert Cecil's disinterestedness as a statesman will be generally conceded. He is sitting in the League of Nations Assembly as a representative not of Great Britain but of the Union of South Africa. His enthusiasm for the league as a world agency is great, and he has found a keen enjoyment at Geneva in a freedom of action and opinion which he could never have exercised as a British delegate. But he yields too much to a passing irritation when he blames the United States for obstructing the operation of the mandate system.

Sir Robert is impatient because the league Council has not put this system into effect. "Let it proceed fearlessly with its work," he says. It is easy enough for a representative of a small nation to take this attitude. But half of the Council's members are representatives of the principal powers constituting the Allied Supreme Council. The league Council cannot act unless its Supreme Council, a superior and controlling body, allows it to act. And this superior and controlling body has practically admitted that it made an error in transmitting to the league Council forms of mandates which had been drawn up without previous consultation with the United States.

The mandate system hasn't been put into effect because those who tried to put it into effect got started all wrong. The United States was entitled to a say in the disposition to be made of Germany's overseas possessions. The other four title holders made assignments without authorization from us. These assignments are invalid in so far as we may desire to contest them. As to territory taken from Germany's associates, mandates were given and we were left in the dark as to their terms. We claim the right to enjoy under these mandates the same benefits as other belligerents. As they read now we are put on a plane below the neutrals.

Our mandate demands are fully justified. Sir Robert admits that they can be objected to only because they were not made earlier. But if they are admissible in themselves, why try to bar them out with a statute of limitations? The blame for delay in the institution of the mandate system cannot be laid at

Back to Parnell
The British Cabinet's answer to the latest note of Eamon de Valera calls a parley and avoids rattling a sword; nevertheless, it promises to bring a protracted correspondence to a close.

It presents a simple question: Will the Dail Eireann accept terms such as Parnell and the long line of Irish leaders would have eagerly embraced, or does it prefer to risk war to obtain independence? More is offered than Parnell, who recognized the mutual interests of Ireland and Great Britain and sought no complete separation, ever asked for. Ireland, if Parnell was half way right, thus has won in her long struggle. The fruits of her victory are spread before her, waiting to be garnered.

The great mass of Americans, including it would seem, most Americans of Irish descent, have been Parnellites. They have believed that Parnell was a wise statesman and a true patriot, and to continue to support Parnellism has seemed to them the best way to serve Ireland. They do not see wherein the doctrines of Sinn Féinism are *per se* superior to those of the great lost leader.

The admitted excesses of the Sinn Féin have been excused on the same ground that the illegalities of the militant suffragettes were justified. It has been said that inasmuch as Great Britain was unmoved by constitutional arguments it was good tactics to break heads to convince her people that the greater part of Ireland was deeply dissatisfied. When Great Britain was duly persuaded of the unwisdom of inattentiveness it was predicted that Sinn Féin, its work done, would retire.

Some things De Valera has recently said support this theory. His persistence in negotiation has suggested that some sort of unexpressed alternative was in his mind. If so, the time now seems ripe for its disclosure. If it is brought out and found to accord with long-revered Parnell principles those Americans who have been sympathetic toward home rule for Ireland naturally will be pleased.

Degrading Men
The depth to which human meanness can descend was cruelly shown in that scene on Boston Common when men, stripped to the waist and placed on an auction block, were sold as if slaves.

The disgusting ceremony, which made a mockery of men's distress, was projected and carried through by an agitator whose fanaticism has

overcome his sense of humanity. Like Frank Tannenbaum, who could not see the quality of his acts when he invaded the churches with tottering hulks of men, and like the organizers of the procession which clanked its way along Fifth Avenue in pretense of woe over the imprisonment of war slackers, this Boston imitator would capitalize human misery. He does not care what he does to the souls of his victims.

Is he so mad with social hate as to be indifferent to the brand of shame he has affixed to fellow beings? Does he not know the mark his merchandise will henceforth carry? Is he not conscious that to induce men to make an indecent exposure of themselves is to sap self-respect at its foundations?

No honest sympathy for distress or real desire to relieve is in such propaganda. Needful aid could easily have been secured. This was not wanted. The showman was out to make show, and prized his tattered raiments as theatrical properties. The insult to and slander of America may be ignored. What is inexcusable is that instead of the upbuilding of men there is cold-blooded degradation of them.

Tariff Revision Can Wait
In his Cleveland speech Postmaster General Hays made some frank and sensible suggestions about tariff legislation. In these he recognized the force of the objections to permanent tariff revision in the present unsettled state of world production and commerce.

Mr. Hays said:

"The very basic condition on which a tariff is built—namely, the cost of manufacturing in various European countries with relation to our own cost of manufacture and the value of the currency of the various European countries with relation to the value of our own currency—is at the present moment as fluctuating as quicksand and as unforeseeable in the future as the weather."

We have now an emergency tariff, passed to protect those classes of domestic producers who had suffered most from post-war readjustments and who feared the effect of increased importations. That measure was admittedly a stop-gap, and justifiable as such. But the task of fixing rates which are to outlast the present dislocation of markets and exchanges would represent a leap in the dark.

Our economic position has been vastly altered by the war. We have become largely an exporting and creditor nation. We do not know what sort of tariff we may need five years hence, or even three years hence. Premature revision all along the line might be disastrous, economically and politically. The country is not clamoring for a new permanent tariff, but for relief from ill-adjusted internal taxation. The Fordney revision can wait.

Book Collecting
The recent sale by Messrs. Hodgson & Co., of London, of some of the first editions of the works of Dickens at something under \$100 each ("Nicholas Nickleby," £19 10s.; "Dombey and Son," £11; "David Copperfield," £18) reveals some of the mysteries of book collecting. While this sale was going on many of the first editions of Joseph Conrad were being offered for something under \$50 ("Lord Jim," \$49.50). It would seem as if, in point of sale Conrad might outdistance Dickens, but there are so many other considerations that the ordinary lay mind stands still, appalled at the intricacies. How many books in a first edition are there still at large, and of what quality are they? These are questions the answer to which may involve a lifetime of close scrutiny.

Emerson's rule never to read a book until it has been out a year is ruinous to the book collector, because the first edition is essential and the uncut leaf is on a par with this dictum. The book collector's rule is to get the first copy of his book that comes off the press, never by any possibility to read it, and to wait forever, if necessary, until it becomes a really valuable item.

Women Wage Earners
It seems almost incredible that so obsolete an argument as that advanced by Mrs. Samuel Gompers against the entrance or continuance of married women in business should be seriously put forth to-day. In her opinion women whose husbands earn a good living should not seek positions in the business world because that is "taking the bread and butter from some one who needs it."

That was a familiar argument when women first discovered that they could do useful and well paid work in the world other than teaching and nursing. The accusation that they were taking jobs from men was only one of the taunts that had to be lived down, but it was a very real one. The girl whose father could afford to keep her, no matter how he had to struggle to do it, was lessening the opportunities of the young men of her time by becoming financially independent through her own efforts. Also she was charged with cutting down her chances for matrimony because, forsooth, the earning capacity of possible mates was reduced by the competition of her sex.

Neither of these calamities has

Recent Headlines
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: One Hundred and Fifty Murders Laid to Camorra.
Washington Expects Six Million To Be Out of Employment This Winter.
Two Ships Race to Port to Beat New Alien Law.
One-Third of the Marching Miners Aliens of the Races Called Hungkies.
The Germans were right. We are a nation of fools.
AMERICAN.
Rutherford, N. J., Sept. 9, 1921.

Mr. Smith and Miss Jones
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: George Taggart should not be stumped. Thus:
"Respected Office Mates."
AUNT HANNAH.
Stamford, Conn., Sept. 9, 1921.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Why not try "You-una."
UNCLE HENRY.
Ridgewood, N. J., Sept. 9, 1921.

Accepting Prohibition
Traveling Salesman Challenges Assertion of Nine-Tenths Opposition to the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Having read the letter "Hudson Maxim's Second Volley," I beg to be permitted a few remarks.

There seems to be some inconsistency in holding up for our admiration the hard-drinking Nordic sots, the "race of boozers, wine bibbers and beer drinkers," having in them the "divine brutality of the cave man," who in their "nightly wassail and carousal around the oaken table" drank to one another's health "until they fell under the table," while making a plea for light wines and beer.

As to the statement that alcoholics are defective and that those Nordic races let such fall by the wayside, the question comes to me: "If men who nightly drink themselves under the table are not alcoholics, who should be so called?"

Now, as to the sentiment of the people in favor of prohibition. Mr. Maxim makes the statement that "nine-tenths of the people are opposed to prohibition as it now stands, while opposing the return of the saloon." Possibly that is true, but it sounds extravagant to me. Had he said merely that a majority are opposed to prohibition as it is now, I should, perhaps, accept the statement as one of the truth or falsity of which is hard to prove.

But, as a traveling salesman covering a large territory in the Eastern states, I believe I have had a good opportunity to study public sentiment on this question, and I certainly must challenge the statement that nine-tenths are opposed to prohibition as it is now or to its enforcement. Outside the metropolitan centers and the industrial centers, with a large foreign population, I find very little sentiment against prohibition. In fact, even in the metropolitan districts the great mass of citizens, if not at first in favor of prohibition, have accepted it.

I am reminded of the case of Mayor Billard of Topeka, Kan., a few years ago. Kansas had had state-wide prohibition for nearly thirty years, with more or less successful enforcement. But always there was the "resubmission" crowd with their claim that if the question were resubmitted to the people prohibition would be defeated. Mayor Billard was one of these, and at the close of his term as Mayor ran in the state-wide primaries for the nomination for Governor on the Republican ticket on a platform calling for the resubmission of the prohibitory law to a popular vote. He received less than 10,000 votes. This furnished a pretty satisfactory demonstration that in spite of all the noise made by the wets the rank and file of the citizens were for the law and for its enforcement.

S. J. BUTTS.
Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 2, 1921.

An Epitaph to Phrasemaking
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: With reference to your prospective editorial on "Wilson in 1975," discussed by James E. Briggs in his letter appearing in The Tribune of the 6th, there are those who think that that editorial is more likely to be a paraphrase, intentional or otherwise, of certain portions of the chapter on Thomas Jefferson in Book IV of Frederick Scott Oliver's "Alexander Hamilton: An Essay on American Union." Indeed, maybe it will be an acknowledged series of quotations therefrom, such, for example, as (page 256) "and in the end he died, as he had lived, in the odour of phrases." Or (page 261), "but his phrases played him false. No power could translate them into policy or law, because they did not correspond with any translatable human facts. For the greater part they were only words, and for the rest they were the fancies of a poet."

HAROLD A. KINGSBURY.
Wilmington, Del., Sept. 8, 1921.

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To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: George Taggart should not be stumped. Thus:
"Respected Office Mates."
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The Conning Tower
"Gosh!" says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Proakness, N. J., "life gets you kind of discouraged sometimes. You work hard and live frugal and scrimp and save, so that when you can't work hard no longer you'll have enough to live frugal by scrimpin' and savin'!"

Not so long ago, when jobs seemed shaky beneath us, we began to worry about our family. Now we are tortured by the thought of all the money our landlord is going to lose if we get fired.

Each evening at the setting sun
With gloomy ritual I place
Before the God of Things Undone
My sorry gifts. Upon his face
Is stamped in stone a grin so wise
I do not dare to meet his eyes.

Before his monstrous cloven feet
I lay the faded dreams of things;
The wreck of projects incomplete;
The half made songs that no one sings;
Creations raised beneath my hand
And left to perish where they stand.

Each evening thus I bring them in,
A shamed-faced votary and swear,
Defiant at his mocking grin
I'll leave them but till morning there.
He gives no sign. I know he hears,
And o'er them drifts the dust of years.

I whisper to myself that I
At last shall venture to that room
Where all these fair beginnings lie
And rear, triumphant in the gloom,
The tale half done; the outlined play.
And so I shall—some other day.

Of a dozen earnest amenders,
It was Harriette Underhill who first
pointed out that in the throes of yesterday
"Preface" in the school books
also was decoded backward thus:
"Eels catch alligators; fish eat raw potatoes."

REDEEMED
The Tow' may be scatter-brained, impishly sly
And loaded with frivolous chatter;
But (look to the left with a reverent eye!)
It's NEXT TO PURE READING MATTER.
R. R.

In a time when the ticket agents
get all the best seats from the box
office we are waiting the advent
of the super ticket agent who will get
all the very best seats from the regular agents.

The Pluperfect Gift
Next Thursday's Polly's birthday
And my future I'll forecast;
I'll have to buy a present
Ere my Polly's birthday's past.
L. U. S.

Commissioner Enright is not going to permit the Ku-Klux Klan to exist in New York City. After considering the way he has dealt with the gunmen, thugs and bandits, the Klux will probably give one long sigh and expire.

Why the Delay?
F. F. V.—I've waited four months for some regular contrib to use the following raw material. Think how it would fit into a cigarette ad!

MUSTAPHA KEMAL
How far would they run for a Kemal?
H. C. K.

Soviet leaders insist that there's no need of an international commission to investigate the famine situation. They concede they're hungry.

CAREFUL, HOWARD!
I REFUSE to pay any bills contracted by Howard J. Smith, such as rent, groceries and borrowed money, as he has left my bed and board and I'm glad of it. Mildred Smith.—The Morning Sun, Binghamton, N. Y.

Daily our sins accumulate. Yesterday morning we permitted Mervin L. Lane's "Candid Romantic Comedies" to see the light of day as "Candid Romantic Remedies." And before that we spoke of Tosti's "Farewell," when everybody—well, almost everybody—knew it was "Good-bye."

We've confessed, but somehow we don't feel so much better thereafter, as they tell you to do.

Included among the erring, however, is A. S. M. Hutchins. C. G. D. points out, concerning "If Winter Comes":
"On page 24 of that delightful novel Mabel, speaking of the two maids, exclaims:
"Raise it up, Rebecca! Raise it, Martha!"
"While the same maids on page 415 sign their application for reinstatement:
"Sarah Jinks and Rebecca Jinks."

All we can say of "If Winter Comes" is that up to page 153 it's a grand book.

And Winter's Coming
F. F. V.—If it would only turn a little cooler the girls could discard their summer furs.
FISH.

Fortunate above most mortals is the man who can get enough for his summer suit to get his overcoat out.

In some quarters anxiety has been expressed concerning the integrity of the Ford mentals.—The Tribune.

But no one has cast any aspersions on his physicals.

Sidelines and baselines, it is safe to say. Not last lines, are bothering F. P. A.
W. P. H.

Over the courts he now capers in glee,
Leaving the hard lines for
F. F. V.

THE VOTARY
Each evening at the setting sun
With gloomy ritual I place
Before the God of Things Undone
My sorry gifts. Upon his face
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The New Republic.—The department called "The Week" announces that staggering blows at democracy have been struck in three places—in Mol-davia, where there has been a malignant outbreak of plebeisite; in the Ways and Means Committee, by protecting excessively our national dyestuff industry, and in the prejudiced New York press, which reports that the Lenin has married Trotsky and that Trotsky and Lenin are one and the same person, wearing different beards at different times.

Town Topics.—The Saunterer says that seldom have the quidnuncs had a more toothsome *bonne bouche* than

Books By Percy Hammond

"Life's" "Burlesque Number" publishes this week, the imaginary contents of some of its popular contemporaries, and, as reflecting the Spirit of American magazines, dedicates the issue to the proposition that "all men are born equally stupid!"

The American Magazine—John H. Gimmish, America's Premier Content Answerer, is interviewed by Evelyn Bennett-Conover and gives some "plain talk" about the problems that confront us and what we are going to do about it? Mr. Gimmish is the winner of the "Fill in the Missing Letters in the Following Words" contest; the "Spell the Name of the Largest City in the United States" contest; the "What Is the Best Name for This Shoe Polish" contest, and of two "What Is She Saying to Him in This Picture" contests. His winnings include seven trips to Bermuda and one to Washington. In good guessing weather Mr. Gimmish can solve a problem every three days, excepting in cases of the more cryptic limericks. He attributes his success to an apple a day and light exercise.

System—Joseph L. Gonnick, president of the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Company, tells how he trained his selling force to sell an average of twenty-two and a half long and short bridges per salesman during August, when business was terrible. To do this Mr. Gonnick placed two mottoes above his desk, one saying that "Men Are Nothing but Little Boys Grown Up," and the other, "No Matter How Small the Dealer, He Ought to Get a Little Politeness." He has evolved, also, a bonus and prize system, and he says, "the salesman who sells the longest bridge during the year goes to the circus with me as my guest."

Snappy Stories—Containing the final installment of Paul Pulp's serial romance entitled "The Ordeal," in which Coralie offers Albert the ambrosial delights of paradise and commands him to choose. The verse in the number includes Muriel Warm's chansonette, "Destiny":

I
Thy lips were ashen
With passion.
II
My lips were ashen
With passion.
III
Ashes to ashes.

Good Housekeeping—In some thoughts for the Yuletide merry-making the editor suggests a St. Patrick's Day dinner for the kiddies. If Mum-mie will only play "My Mother Came from Ireland—Just Try to Get Her Back," or "Heaven's Just Like Erin, So I'm Going to the Dogs," it will bring joy to the bright faces of the tiny guests; and how the kiddies' eyes will sparkle as they say goodbye, realizing that this really, truly Christmas party is all over at last!

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Defending Erin
The Tribune Rebuked for Its Attitude About Ireland

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Your editorial entitled "De Valera's Threats" in your issue of September 6 is very unkind and unjust. It is entirely in keeping, I suppose, with your policy, if not with your knowledge of the Irish question. To you and a few others the Irish problem seems to be incomprehensible. It is the "Bridge of Asses" of English statesmen, the Waterloo of most of them and the nightmare of the rest. You seem to think that in the evolution (or rather involution) of the age, a republic should have no place. Gettysburg and Appomattox have no bearing on the question nor is the war of La Vendée (chiefly religious) any sample or parallel for the present difficulty existing around Belfast, except, perhaps, that here in the Civil War some were "drunk with cotton," whereas there they are drunk with linen and in England with calico.

England would hold Belfast as security as a running sore—as a cause for future operations by the anxious surgeon—as a rope that could be pulled at pleasure to hang the rest of Ireland.

Real principles of peace are founded not on prejudice, fear, discord and division but on justice and freedom. Dr. Toqueville said that the man who cannot die for freedom's sake alone is a fit, subject for a slave. Selden, the great English lawyer, said, "Before everything liberty." Patrick Henry still lives. That is all that De Valera asks. Thought is better than money, patriotism and nationality than what you mean to infer by "cohesion." All the great empires of the world faded. Little Athens did more for civilization than Syria, Babylon or the empires of Cyrus or Alexander. The shillelagh of which you speak so contemptuously has often protected the innocent; the posse comitatus that last week put down the Ku Klux Klan at Belfast has had its precedents in America.

However, the handwriting is on the wall; the temple of Janus will be closed in spite of the Tories of to-day with their brute force and "dogs of war," and even in spite of an unsympathetic press.

JOSEPH L. KEANY.
New York, Sept. 7, 1921.

The Effect of Ease
(From The Philadelphia Evening Ledger)
Experts say that American women are taller than they were forty years ago and that athletics is responsible. But only a small proportion of the women of the country indulge in athletics. It would be just as easy to prove that the increase in height is due to less exercise than formerly. Surely the broad and the washtub are as effective muscle producers as the golf stick and the tennis racket, and the modern housekeeper does not as a rule have to work as hard as did her mother and grand mother.



Books By Percy Hammond

"Life's" "Burlesque Number" publishes this week, the imaginary contents of some of its popular contemporaries, and, as reflecting the Spirit of American magazines, dedicates the issue to the proposition that "all men are born equally stupid!"

The American Magazine—John H. Gimmish, America's Premier Content Answerer, is interviewed by Evelyn Bennett-Conover and gives some "plain talk" about the problems that confront us and what we are going to do about it? Mr. Gimmish is the winner of the "Fill in the Missing Letters in the Following Words" contest; the "Spell the Name of the Largest City in the United States" contest; the "What Is the Best Name for This Shoe Polish" contest, and of two "What Is She Saying to Him in This Picture" contests. His winnings include seven trips to Bermuda and one to Washington. In good guessing weather Mr. Gimmish can solve a problem every three days, excepting in cases of the more cryptic limericks. He attributes his success to an apple a day and light exercise.

System—Joseph L. Gonnick, president of the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Company, tells how he trained his selling force to sell an average of twenty-two and a half long and short bridges per salesman during August, when business was terrible. To do this Mr. Gonnick placed two mottoes above his desk, one saying that "Men Are Nothing but Little Boys Grown Up," and the other, "No Matter How Small the Dealer, He Ought to Get a Little Politeness." He has evolved, also, a bonus and prize system, and he says, "the salesman who sells the longest bridge during the year goes to the circus with me as my guest."

Snappy Stories—Containing the final installment of Paul Pulp's serial romance entitled "The Ordeal," in which Coralie offers Albert the ambrosial delights of paradise and commands him to choose. The verse in the number includes Muriel Warm's chansonette, "Destiny":

I
Thy lips were ashen
With passion.
II
My lips were ashen
With passion.
III
Ashes to ashes.

Good Housekeeping—In some thoughts for the Yuletide merry-making the editor suggests a St. Patrick's Day dinner for the kiddies. If Mum-mie will only play "My Mother Came from Ireland—Just Try to Get Her Back," or "Heaven's Just Like Erin, So I'm Going to the Dogs," it will bring joy to the bright faces of the tiny guests; and how the kiddies' eyes will sparkle as they say goodbye, realizing that this really, truly Christmas party is all over at last!

The New Republic.—The department called "The Week" announces that staggering blows at democracy have been struck in three places—in Mol-davia, where there has been a malignant outbreak of plebeisite; in the Ways and Means Committee, by protecting excessively our national dyestuff industry, and in the prejudiced New York press, which reports that the Lenin has married Trotsky and that Trotsky and Lenin are one and the same person, wearing different beards at different times.

Town Topics.—The Saunterer says that seldom have the quidnuncs had a more toothsome *bonne bouche* than

Defending Erin
The Tribune Rebuked for Its Attitude About Ireland

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Your editorial entitled "De Valera's Threats" in your issue of September 6 is very unkind and unjust. It is entirely in keeping, I suppose, with your policy, if not with your knowledge of the Irish question. To you and a few others the Irish problem seems to be incomprehensible. It is the "Bridge of Asses" of English statesmen, the Waterloo of most of them and the nightmare of the rest. You seem to think that in the evolution (or rather involution) of the age, a republic should have no place. Gettysburg and Appomattox have no bearing on the question nor is the war of La Vendée (chiefly religious) any sample or parallel for the present difficulty existing around Belfast, except, perhaps, that here in the Civil War some were "drunk with cotton," whereas there they are drunk with linen and in England with calico.

England would hold Belfast as security as a running sore—as a cause for future operations by the anxious surgeon—as a rope that could be pulled at pleasure to hang the rest of Ireland.

Real principles of peace are founded not on prejudice, fear, discord and division but on justice and freedom. Dr. Toqueville said that the man who cannot die for freedom's sake alone is a fit, subject for a slave. Selden, the great English lawyer, said, "Before everything liberty." Patrick Henry still lives. That is all that De Valera asks. Thought is better than money, patriotism and nationality than what you mean to infer by "cohesion." All the great empires of the world faded. Little Athens did more for civilization than Syria, Babylon or the empires of Cyrus or Alexander. The shillelagh of which you speak so contemptuously has often protected the innocent; the posse comitatus that last week put down the Ku Klux Klan at Belfast has had its precedents in America.

However, the handwriting is on the wall; the temple of Janus will be closed in spite of the Tories of to-day with their brute force and "dogs of war," and even in spite of an unsympathetic press.

JOSEPH L. KEANY.
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